TO

The Most High and Mighty MONARCH,

Charles the II.

By the Grace of GOD,

King of *England*, *Scotland*, *France* and *Ireland*,

Defender of the Faith:

THOMAS PECKE of the *Inner Temple*, Esq;
Wisheth an Affluence of both Temporal and
Eternal FELICITY;

And most humbly Devoteth this

Heroick Poem,

In Honour of His *Majesties* Establishment
in the Throne of His Ancestours.

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Ad celsiſ. Majeſtatem Regis Britanniæ,

EPIGRAMMA.

CArole *Pellæus Juvenis tibi porrigat Herbam:*
Ne jactet Trabeas Roma *ſuperba feras.*
Auxit Thyrſigeri rixoſa Triphæa Tyranni
Æmathius: *Merſa eſt ſic ſua* Fama *cado.*
Cæſar (Terrarum Dominus) *fere vicit inermes;*
Nudos Majores; Terra Britanna *tuos.*
Carolus Angligenas *validos* patiendo ſubegit:
Angligenas *rabidos*; Ille ferendo fugat.

AN
Heroick Poem.

AM I intranc'd; or is it *Plato*'s year;
For all things in their priſtine ſhapes appear?
Time turns his *Annals* to that very Page,
Wherein is Chronicled the *Golden Age*.
Divine *Aſtræa*, who was long ſince ſent
By deprav'd *Nature*, into Baniſhment;
(Seeing her Elder Siſter *Mercy* kneel
To Supreme *Jove*, that He the Wounds would heal,
Which *England* owes to an Inteſtine Broil;
Where, ſeduc'd *Zeal*, gave *Loyalty* the Foil:)
Leapt from the Clouds, and did the bleſt News bring,
That, True Contrition ſhould obtain a KING.
The ſtranger *Juſtice*, ſent Poſt from the Skie;
Penia, and her Renegado's flie.
Deteſted Poverty avoids thoſe Lands,
Where Juſtice, over Intereſt commands.
But as harſh Notes, make their Aſſociates ſweet;
Our Thoughts may by a ſad Reflection meet
With thoſe fierce Tempeſts, which did fall upon
The *Cedars* of our Britiſh *Libanon*.

A greater Wonder ſcarce ſaluteth Ears,
Then that of Men to diet with the Bears,
In unfrequented *Groinland*; till the Sun,
Did from the *Goat*, unto the *Creafiſh* run.
Come hither, *Stoick*, and thou ſhalt confeſs
It Torture, for to trace a Wilderneſs
Of twenty years Confuſion; when the *Laws*
Were form'd in *Cutlers Shops*; and the GOOD CAUSE
Wanted a *Catechreſis* to make out
Her Epithite: Though converſant about
The good Eſtates of *Heroes*; whom no frown,
Could force, or *King*, or *Conſcience* to diſown.
The *Pope* was curs'd for arrogating; We
To *Peters* gave Infallibility.
Who was the firſt *Evangeliſt* promulg'd
No Tribute due to *Cæſar*. And indulg'd
Was *Bradſhaw*, that remorſeleſs *Parricide*;
Who *Pilate* in *Bloud-guiltineſs* out-vi'd:
Fear nurſed his Crime; but our *Jew* did cry,
Not out of Dread, but Malice, *Crucifie*.
Let not *Alexis*, and *Menalcas* tell,
Black-Moondaies *Eclipſe* ſcorns a Parallel: 1652. *Mar.*29.
The fourth part of a Digit then was Light;
But on *Black-Tueſday*, was *Black-Tueſday* Night 1648. *Jan.*30.
Our *Sun* put on a Mask; no friendly *Star*
(But that which ſhin'd Ten Springs before the War,

In

In the Day-time;) gave leave to look for Hope:
Intrat Tyrannus; *Freedom* was the ſcope
The Vulgar levell'd at, and a *Free State*:
Permit them but the *Name*, the *Thing they'l bate.*
The many-headed Rabble was the *Moon*,
Eclips'd our *Sun*; and made a glorious Noon,
Cover its white skin with a *Midnight* vail:
For the old *Serpent*, was the *Dragons Tail*;
And a pretended *Parliament*, the Head:
Hic ſita eſt: Great Britain here lies dead.
So Rancour, in a *Regal Tragædy*:
Summ'd up the Total of *Mans miſery.*
And thorny *Satyrs*, can no further tax
Than this: Their *King* felt the *Rebellious Ax.*
For when the fatall Arrow ſtrikes the *Hart*,
In vain do *Raſcal Deer*, complain of ſmart.
It was loſt labour for poor *Cavaliers*
To exclaim, *Billows*, waſh'd ore head and ears;
Suppoſe they eſcap'd drowning, 'twas enough:
If not *praiſe-worthy*, to inſulting *Buff.*
For if the *Laws* do Anarchy reſiſt,
An half-blind *Cobler* may act what he liſt.
But newly-wean'd Experience, verifies,
When *Æſops* Fox free-quarter'd the old *Flies*,
That he was prudent. Doubtleſs ſome have found,
Ship-money, and an hundred thouſand pound

Per

Per menſem for to differ. *Who were nice*
To give Neceſſity; ſerv'd Avarice.
Stupendious *Rome*, ſplit not upon the *Rocks*
Of a Free State; till *Sol* the *Æquinox*
Four hundred Ninety times had kiſs'd: But *Fate*
Lop'd off in *Three years* the *Decemvirate.*
And the *State* remain'd ſpurious; until ſhe
Choſe *Julius Cæſar* PATER PATRIÆ
Who brought her *Scepter* beyond the extent
Of *Latium*; and the *Gauls* large continent.
Auguſtus by adoption was his *Heir*;
Who rather ſeem'd to build, than to repair
The Worlds chief City. Thus doth MONARCHIE,
Empires enlarge, and *Cities* beautifie.
What if the Monſter *Nero* would deſtroy
Mount *Palatine*:, to Act the flames of *Troy*?
And to make ſure he ſhould begin the Liſt
Of *Tyrants*; turn'd wretched *Anatomiſt*?
Yet ſtill the Rule is valid. *Romans* now
To an *Uſurpers Sword* their Necks did bow.
Cœleſtial Juſtice, aptly puniſh'd thus
The Treaſon, to their Prince *Britannicus*;
The Legal *Heir.* Suffer proud *Rome* to burn:
A murder'd KING, deſerves *A ſumptuous Urn.*
A Bargain then; *Phanatick Sophiſter!*
You ſhall quote NERO: I'll vouch OLIVER.

How

How Rampant were the *Engliſh Lyons*, when
Third *Edward*, and his *Son* ſeem'd more than *Men?*
Arithmetick the Number can't comprize
Of *French Gallants*, who had their *Elegies*,
Pen'd by the *Grey Gooſe Wing*; when ſtreined *Yewe*
Made charging *Horſes*, and their *Riders* rue.
By ſcarſity, Fifth *Henry* did enhance
The *Gentries* value, in lamenting *France*.
And our fore-Fathers, under the command
Of *Cœur' de Lyon*, ſnatch'd the Holy Land
From the provoking *Turk*. A *Virgin Queen*
Was too Athletick, for the *Spaniſh ſpleen*,
To hurt with *Melancholy fumes*. Her *Drake*,
Was *Draco Volans*; and did undertake
To conquer the *Invincible Half Moon:*
Whoſe Face put on a Scarlet Hue, as ſoon
As the Fire-Ship approach'd; which made ſome ſwear
That *Purgatories* place was found: for there
Was *Flames*; *Howlings*; and to augment the Pain,
They thought t'*Enſlave*; but wore themſelvs the *Chain*.
Thus the Realm flouriſh'd under Regal Power:
Yet *Edward* did contrive the fatal Hour,
Of his weak Father. And *Henry*, when Prince,
Was branded with ſuch Crimes, as might evince
Defect of *Morals*. And her Siſter *Scot*,
Caſt on *Eliſa*, an Eternal *Blot*.

But

But not one Blemiſh could a Mortal finde,
In our Late KING; That *Darling of Mankinde:*
A ſober *Ethnick* is compell'd to think,
Curtius deſerving, when he cloſ'd the chink,
Threatning his *Countries* Ruine: Though to ſave
The Multitude, He found an haſty *Grave.*
How much are truly *Pious* bound to prize
His *Memory*, who for *Religion*, dies?
Who chooſeth rather to become a Prey;
Then free-born Subjects *Liberty* betray?
CHARLES *ſhall be Sainted*: who hath overcome
Envies *Armado*, by a *Martyrdom.*
But as inſpired *Socrates* had Health,
When an Infection reap'd the Commonwealth
Of *Athens*; 'cauſe his *ſtomach* was ſo clean,
It did not know what *crudities* might mean:
So ſelect ſouls, in *Europes greateſt Iſle*,
Would not admit *Rebellion* to defile
Or *Words*, or *Actions*; being not oppreſt
In mind with *Prejudice*, or *Intereſt.*
Some deſpicable *Youngſters* did combine,
With the notorious Villain *Catiline*,
To kill their *common Mother*: But the chief
Of *Orators*, perſwaded quick Relief.
The *Optimates*, and ſuch *Magiſtrates*,
As could vaunt *Images*, ſhew fair *Eſtates*;

Guarded

Guarded the *Publick*: And *themſelves* thereby,
From loſs of *Fortune*; gain of *Infamy*.
In the *Engagements of late time*, though ſome
Good eyes, were cheated with the Medium
Of *candied Remonſtrance*; (*whilſt men be*,
'Tis poſſible they trip on Frailty)
Yet no legitimate *Nobility*,
Or who had Badges of *Gentility*,
Border'd with *Vertue*, *Mantled* with *Pretence*,
Cordial, and *upright*; ever could diſpence
With dutiful *Allegiance*: Or did rend
The *Ermin Robes*, for a baſe private end.
Whom *Errour* miſled, *are turn'd Proſelytes*;
And a deſire that's *National*, invites
Secular Hereticks, for to comply;
Not to draw *ſtakes*; but in *ſincerity*.
Is it not time to quit an head-ſtrong Rage;
When our *Convulſions* have attain'd *full Age*?
And have not we *Years of Diſcretion*? See
Diſcrepant *Factions*, in a *Third* agree;
In CHARLES *the* GREAT; *or Second of that Name*:
And the Third MONARCH, *married* TWEED *to* THAME.
Natures Muſitians in the Air, employ
Their ſlender Throats, as ecchoes to Mans *Joy*.
Flora, in the *Kings Colours* takes delight:
And wears a Tulip, PURPLE; GREEN; and WHITE.

The *Halcyon* never uſed to appeaſe
Tempeſtuous Seas, till ſetting *Pleiades*
Uſher'd the *Winter*; Now ſhe brings *fair daies*;
And *Neptune Tethys* treats, with *Maſques* and *Playes*.
The ſcaly Regiments all Muſter there,
Except the *Meermaid*; hindred by a fear
Of meeting *Princely Dolphins*; who would carp,
At their ſupporting of the *Croſs* and *Harp*:
And juſtly might with rigidneſs reprove,
Prompted by *Honour*, and *Arions* Love;
Whoſe Inſtrument was ſtrook with *Jollity*;
When *Englands Face* reſembled *Niobe*.
Doth the profound *Philoſopher* deſire,
To ſee the pure, and unconſuming *Fire*,
Which neighbours on the *Moon*; let him mount high
His eyes, when *Londons bone-fires* rooſt the Skie,
And what is voyc'd inviſible he'll ſee;
And quarrell at the *Aires Triplicity*
Of *Regions*; ſince the *Fire* is next to *Earth*:
Thoughts of this kind have ſcarcely atchieved Birth,
But the *Moncks powder*-thunders; lightens; now,
The *Middle* doth diſſeiſe the *Fire*; and Low.
Thus in amazement, arguing from hence,
An unbelieving *Sceptick* doth commence.
FIRE, AIR, EARTH, WATER, in a *Chorus* ſing
An *Io Pæan*: Or, *GOD SAVE THE KING*.

Ships

Ships are our *Forts*. Our *Pilot's* not to learn
(And that without a *Trope*) to hold the *Stern*.
Three *Languages* made any heretofore,
A Prodigy: Our *Gracious Lord* ſpeaks more.
But in a ſtrict ſenſe, *Words* no more compriſe
Of *worth*, than *Parrets prating* ſignifies;
Or File of *Cyphers*, which are nothing *all*;
Unleſs a Figure make *Numerical*.
The Nations Patron, hath pleas'd to confer
The honour of a *Privy Counſellour*,
On Hiſtory: That Boſome-friend of time;
And Calculation, fit for every Clime.
This ſhews, King *Codrus* gave his life to buy
Athens, a controverted *Victory*.
If *Cæſars* juſtly mannag'd *Axe*, and *Rodds*;
Cæſars liv'd *Happy*: were at death made *Gods*.
Becauſe the bloud of *Innocents* was ſpilt;
Domitian was broke on the Wheel of *Guilt*.
In ſport LYSANDERS *Thirty Bloud-hounds* kill:
No Laws are cruel; if compar'd to WILL.
What *Factions* root up *Kingdoms*, ſhe relates:
What *Lapſes*, depoſe mighty *Potentates*.
A *Ruler* without *Hiſtory* is blind.
Self-love, will be induſtrious not to find
A *Paraſites deceptions*; or do *Right*,
Unleſs a *Bribe* beſpeaks a FAVORITE.

I purpoſely omit the Title *Juſt*:
Not to judge that, is bottomleſs diſtruſt.
All *Ethicks* is an Inmate to the Man,
Whom *ſtudy* dubs compleat *Hiſtorian*.
His *Active valour* was at WORCESTER ſhown:
His *Paſſive* to the *Univerſe* is known.
But as an *Eagle*, credits common Fowl;
And brittle *Bodies*, have an high-born *Soul*;
So may we in *Renowned* CHARLES behold
A radiant *Jewel*, in recited *Gold*.
RELIGION adorns VERTUE: *Kingdoms Three*,
Require in Graces Æquipollency.
When Subjects fail'd; His *Faith* rely'd upon
The Holy, Holy, TETRAGRAMMATON.
The *Verdict* of twelve gloomy years, atteſt
Hope the Conſort, of his couragious *Breaſt*.
And who enquires after his CHARITY,
Cannot deride CORVINUS MEMORY.
Did he FORGIVE? As if it were a Task,
Too ſcratching for an *Enemy* to ask;
MERCY was profer'd; which did circumvent
An unſophiſticated PARLIAMENT,
By a devout *Prolepſis*. For which *Fame*
An Obelisk ſhall build to his Great *Name*.
Add to theſe, CONSTANCY; A ſplendid *Gemme*,
That darts its Luſtre through the *Diadem*.

The

The Romiſh Church, (though ſhe held out her Armes)
Could not entice *Him*, by the potent Charmes
Of profuſe *Promiſes*; and did invade
His *Reſolves*, with the *Loyola Brigade*.
A *Ship at Anchor*, the Seas Wrath out-braves:
Slighting the fury of rebounding *Waves*.
Or as a *Faithful Garriſon*, counts traſh
Smooth Agitations of th' Aſſailants *Caſh*.
What if the Blockers up, (*when* GOLD *ſhall fail*)
Showres down *Bravadoes* in revengeful *Hail*?
His two-edg'd Machination proves in vain:
Here a *Good Cauſe*, undaunted *Hands* maintain.
So *our* FAITHS *Standard-Bearer*, ſtood His Ground:
When GIFTS, when SOPHISTRY, begirt him round.
A *Black ſtone* ſtreak'd with *White*, (which Authors call
Agathos) frees from all *Terreſtrial*
Dangers, and *Diſcontents*; and it exempts
From *Loſs*, and *Detriment* in all *Attempts*.
The *Black ſtone* is *Affliction*; the white *Veines*,
Are *Souls*, ſhe ſcours from *Unrepented ſtaines*.
This is the *Shield* repulſing *Mortal* Sins,
And *groſs Imprudence*; who ſo wears her, wins
ALL PALMS. The *Earth*, as knowing how to uſe:
And *Heaven* it ſelf; by watching leſt he loſe.
This ſtrickt *Lycæum*, *CHARLES*, did educate:
Who is in Tribulation GRADUATE.

And

And Scholars know, twelve years *Non-Regency*
Will make a DOCTOR of DIVINITY:
Kind *Providence* hath bleſs'd us with a *King*:
Whoſe *Ariſtotle*, was his *Suffering*.
Fancy a wealthy *Mariners* return
From Sun-burnt *India*, whoſe watry *Urn*,
Rumour had long ſince form'd; view how his *Wife*
Starts at the ſurprize of a dubious *Life*:
And hardly reconciling HOPE, and FEARS;
She wafts him to her LIPS, in joyous TEARS.
Great Sir! your eſpous'd *Kingdom*, fear'd the *Crown*
Should fall into *Diſtractions Gulf*, and drown;
When *Pikes*, and *Bandaliers*, were the ſole *Helm*:
And many thouſand *Centaurs*, ſteer'd the *Realm*.
But when you came within few Leagues of PORT;
Her *Prayers* went your Harbingers to *Court*.
And in proportion to that ſolemn rate:
The *Heliconian Nymphs*, *Congratulate*.
Nor ſhall ſtout MONCK, ſeek his *Arrears of Praiſe*;
Let *Gratitude*, cut down a *Grove of Bayes*,
To Crown his *Head*: who without *Angry word*,
Did braver Exploits than ACHILLES SVVORD.
Graſs covers not the top of Royal Mines:
Nor ſhould Words Fly-blow exquiſite deſigns.
Counſel (like Eſſence) expects ſtopping well:
Or bid Adieu to the perfuming ſmell.

Moyſt

Moyſt APRIL ſhall attend on florid MAY.
Whoſe EIGHT, thy *Worth* enſtall'd St *Georges day*.
And ſince from Alli'd SCOTLAND you came forth,
The PROVERB's outlaw'd: *Good comes from the North.*
Lift up thy Head, old *Worceſter!* and confeſs
Horrour the Epilogue of *Wickedneſs.*
Though thou wert blaſted with a jealous eye:
A *Plaudit* now attends thy LOYALTY.
For dutiful *endeavours*, unto this
May be ſubjoyn'd the fam'd *Metropolis.*
Whoſe DAGGER to the BACK-SWORD rendring place;
Great want of TRADING gave REPENTANCE ſpace.
It was full time to beg a REGAL TOUCH:
When this *Kings-Evill* did afflict ſo much.
Have ye not ſeen an Infant, *Fat* and *Fair*;
Whileſt to his *Mothers Milk* he might repair:
Commit him to a STEPDAMES cruel care,
His *Cheeks* grow hollow; and his *Jaw-bones* bare.
In a good *Mood*, ſhe may allow him *Meat:*
But *Tears* ſhall moyſten what the poor *Child* eat.
To hide her *ſhame*, ſhe will afford fine *Cloaths:*
Leſt Prints of *Stripes*, and *Pinches* ſhew, ſhe Loaths,
Hunger, and *Thirſt*, nay *Blows*, can't ſatiate:
Unleſs his *Father* be induc'd to *Hate.*
CHARLES with *maternal Care*, kept LONDON plump:
But O the *Claws*, of the *Novercal* RUMP.

Know

Know thy felicity; be fix'd at length:
RELAPSES conquer half conſumed *Strength.*
That ever thou *Apoſtatiz'd*, is Strange:
Since the word *Royal*, comes before *Exchange.*
'Tis Perſeverance onely can advance:
The *Crown*, the *Crown's*, thy *Cap of Maintenance.*
Rouſe *Underſtanding!* Manacle my *Sence*;
Demonſtrate how a ſwift *Intelligence*,
Acteth his diſtinct *Orb*: with what *Tube* ſhall
I gaze upon an *Immaterial?*
But let not *Curioſitie*, be bold
To diſturb *Spirits*; ſince it may behold
Sublimer Objects: And will then preſer
For wiſe *Intelligences*, WESTMINSTER.
In that moſt grave *Aſſembly*, every *Man*
Is to his *Sphere*, *An Angel Guardian*:
Our *Balſam* dropt not from the *Major Part*;
Three hundred *Members*, had a ſingle *Heart.*
The *Commons* vote; *Aſſent* flies from the *Lords*:
Time was not ſpent in nicities of *Words.*
Sixty the *Golden Number*, hence ſhall be:
Your Speaker, *Fame*; your *Rolls*, *Eternitie.*
THE KING ENJOYS HIS OWN; ſing *Civil State!*
And let the *Clergie* ſay; MAGNIFICAT.

FINIS.

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